

A warning to London by the fall of Antwerp

To the tune of *Rou vvel ye Mariners.*



A He surdy Oke at length/
When forse doth fail
though nere so tall:
Resigneth by his strength,
By boistrous blasts vnto the fal.

The stately Stag in time dooth peeld:
Him self a pray to Dogs in feeld.
The Decock proud, & swelling Swan:
At last dooth serue the vse of man.
Pride, pomp, plumes gay:
Must haue a fall who ere lay nay,
Hye mindes, state, power:
Shall cōe to end within an houre.

Let *Antuuerp* Warning be,
thou stately *London* to beware:
Lest resting in thy glee,
thou wrapst thy self in wretched care.
Be vigilant, sleepe not in sin:
Lest that thy foe doo enter in.
Keep sure thy trench, prepare thy hot:
Watch wel, so shall no foil be got.
Stand fast, play thy parte:
Quail not but shew an english hart,
Dout, dread, fil fear:
For *Antuuerps* plague approacheth neer.

Leauē tearing of thy God,
let vain excessē be laid aside:
Els shalt thou feel the rod,
prepared for to scourge thy pride.



Forlake thy Deuillish drunken trade:
Which almoste hath the entrance made.
Erect your walles giue out your charge
Keep wel your ray, run not at large.

Faint not, fiercely fight:
Shrink not but keep your cōtries right.
Stand stout, on *Jesus* call:
And he no dout wil help you all.

Trust not a ciuil foe,
Which vnder coulour wisheth good:
For ere thy self doost knowe,
by craft he seeks to haue thy blood.
The Snake in grasse doth groueling lie:
Til for reuenge due time he spie.
The leering Dog doth bite more sore:
Then he that warning giues before.
Fine flattery, fair face:
Much discorde breeds in euery place.
Fire, hot, must be to hot:
For those which haue their God forgot.

Reioyce not if thou see,
thy neighbours house set on a flame:
For like thy luck may be,
vnlesse thou wel preuent the same.
The scourge which late on *Antuuerp* fel:
Thy wack and ruine dooth fozetel.
Make not a gibing iest therat:
Lest stately *Troy* be beaten flat.
Pray God faithfully:
To saue vs from all trechery.
Dout not if we doo so:
We shall escape the forain fo.

Pray we with one accorde,
that God our Queene may ay defend:
From those which seek by sword/
to bring her graces reign to end.
Cut of (O Lord) their deuillish dayes:
And graunt her life thy name to praise.
Garde her with grace her Champion be
That he may gain the victorie.
Hope wel, pray stil:
God is our guide we feare none il.
fear not, watch pray:
God weeld this Citie from decap.

A M E N. q. *Rafe Norris.*

PRI NTED AT LONDON
at the long Shop adioyning vnto S.
Wilshe Church in the Pultrie,
by John Allde.